

# DANCING WITH THE ELEPHANT OF JOY



Emil

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"He was a poor boy from a poor family when he ventured out on to the Hobo Trail"

In the year 1992, we published a short novel by the artist formally NOT know as Emil..."

That novel was about the enlightenment of a young pilgrim who spends the last money to travel to the fabled, temple (of who the pilgrim would refer to as) of the Holy Elephant of Joy and tells how the spirit came to him in a dream while he rested under a great tree in the Temple's courtyard.

In celebration of the 30<sup>th</sup> year of it's publication;







we are proud to have the artist formal NOT known as Emil rework the first part of this story with these; the last fotos of an equally Holy Temple buried deep in the outer suburbs of the City of Angles (the city formally know as Bangkok) that Emil was to take back before the start of the Wuhan Virus Plague's Killer Lock downs imprisoned Emil on his current Paradise Interment Island. The fotos are from Wat Saman Rattanaram (right outside the Thai City of Chachoengsao).

**SEINE**









This, my journey, started  
many years ago in my  
native country.

The spirit of the Elephant  
came to me as I was in  
a dream.

The Elephant's voice, he  
tells me to make  
a pilgrimage to the holy  
shire of the Tabernacle  
of the Elephant of Joy.  
Heeding this important  
call, I bundled my few  
belongings and made  
my way up the

## **GREAT RIVER.**

After many days of  
torment and having the  
terrible of pain in my  
feet; I arrived at the great  
mount upon which the





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shire had been built.  
It was a glorious site with  
many tee-shirt vendors  
and other hawkers who  
sold true souvenirs of the  
wondrous image of the  
**ELEPHANT OF JOY.**

I can still remember my  
great joy as I climbed the  
mound to the steps and  
paid my humble, three  
rubes, I enter the grand  
courtyard.

I only wish, in retrospect,  
that I had been able to pay  
the five rubes for the  
autographic picture of the  
Elephant of Joy in  
its shiny, lusty plastic  
covering with the  
cardboard on the back





หนูพ่อราชาโชค  
ขอพรให้





which makes it easy to  
stand against a wall.

If I live to an old age,  
I shall always be of the  
regret of not having the  
faith to cast my whole  
five rubies into the  
universal charge account  
of the shrine and be the  
one to hold such  
a wondrous and holy  
of a keepsake.

I now have nothing to  
pass down to my children  
- If I were to have children  
to remember my  
pilgrimage to the

**HOLY SHRINE.**

I should not be the one to  
go on and on with my  
boastful talk about my









pilgrimage like some  
village drinker.

But, this pilgrimage was  
my reason for my present  
adventure to your  
country.

It is a long, long story  
as to how the Elephant  
of Joy has cast me into  
**THIS JOURNEY.**

As a humble man, who  
am I to question the  
“why’s and where’s”  
of how I come to write this  
tale of my journey.

But, one day, I set in the  
inner courtyard of the  
holy shine.

I regret to say, that I was  
not to be a very successful  
pilgrim, as I soon fell into



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ที่ฐานพระ:







sleep. It was one of those  
"Golly, Gee Wheeze . . .  
Am I really dreaming?"  
type of serious dreams.  
In this serious dream,  
I see the Elephant of Joy.  
He does a very strange  
but, I am sure, a quite  
holy dance that he calls  
the Dance of Joy.

I am very much to be  
amazed. Never in my  
short years had I ever seen  
such a dance . . . not even  
in Delhi, when my good  
uncle blessed me with  
a visit to a naughty  
dance hall.

The slights that my eyes'  
witness made me feel that  
I now was ready to  
witness anything.









But, my bold pride had  
not been able to prepare me  
for the sight of the holy  
elephant doing the  
**DANCE OF JOY.**

At the time,  
I must say that I did not  
know it to be the  
Dance of Joy.

Nor did I have the vision  
to see the real meanings  
that the Holy Elephant  
had tried to teach me.

It may have been that  
of my stubborn pride that  
brings this vision to me  
or as my dear, respectful  
father says,

*"too much coconut cream  
bananas for lunch."*  
Whichever, the Elephant









of Joy has enlightened me to the many secrets of the universe and the secret is not as many believe to be

## **BROCCOLI.**

The Elephant has explained to me that this was a mistaken thought because of an error in translation from Sanskrit.

This made me to be very angered as I had just, recently, having purchased that best seller, a paper back book:

*"The hundred pathways to Nirvana through Cooked Broccoli Recipe Book - second edition."*









In my vision, the Holy Elephant of Joy, sings out a mournful tune of demon possessed tales. I am still to be haunted by this monstrous tune.

## **SOMETIMES,**

late in my dreams, I see an empty land, barren of life and village and in the background I shake as I hear the Elephant sing:

*"Going to the Montana soon . . . Gonna be a dental floss tycoon."*

For many of the past years, I have pondered finding meaning in the Elephant's song.

Never, in my days in the secondary school in my









rural village had I heard  
such words before.  
In my only thoughts, the  
Elephant must talk to  
me of that barren,

## **COLD LAND.**

This must be a place  
somewhere in this great  
world.

Later, in my studies at  
a government library;  
I discovered in a richly-  
pictured magazine of the  
world, the whole  
enlightenment that  
I had not reached in  
meditation.

The respectful librarian  
said to me that this  
wonderful thing was an  
American magazine





พระราชนิพนธ์  
ขอความเจริญ นันต





called by the name of  
National Geographic.  
Although, some of the  
pages made me to be  
blushing and made me  
of the mind that such  
books should not be  
viewed by the eyes of the  
young and innocent.  
Some pages make very  
lustful thoughts come  
to trouble our

## ENLIGHTENMENT.

The magazine told of  
the land that the Holy  
Elephant had given to  
me in vision.

Having not been  
enlightened I now knew  
that the elephant was  
telling me to journey









from my home village  
and settle in this barren  
land.

In this land, I would  
become a rich man by  
raising dental floss  
and helping fight

## **TOOTH DECAY.**

I could see where I could  
think such simple  
thoughts.

As I could see where the  
Holy Elephant would be  
concerned with the future  
of the world's dental  
hygiene.

Such a foolish young  
man, as I could not see  
that the Elephant had  
chooses me to become  
a rich man in this land









of the Montana.

But, none the less, I spent many years in plans of my travels to this land of the Montana.

After years of saving all my rubies without any joy in my simple life for my future life in that land of the Montana;

I go to Delhi to visit my  
**GRAND UNCLE.**

He was very much unsettled by my tale of saving my rubies for ten years without one return to the pleasures and sights of the dancing hall where he took me as a youth.









I explain to my grand-  
uncle that this land  
called the Montana is cold  
and barren.

It was no place to take  
loved ones. I could not  
marry as I knew that  
someday I must go into  
this barren land to help  
the future of dental  
hygiene and grow

## **DENTAL FLOSS PLANTS.**

I told him how the  
Elephant had told me that  
this was true.

I told him of my many  
visions of dental floss  
plants blowing in the cold  
northern wind.









I tell him that I far as  
I could see was this

## **FARM OF FLOSS.**

I told my great-uncle my  
plan of having a midget  
pony and I shall call him  
by the name "Max."

Being much full the  
pride, I did not listen to  
my dear uncle's  
warnings about talking  
such gibberish thoughts.

All he could say was  
"Oh my gosh! Say no  
more of such silliness . . .

Normal people will be  
thinking you mad!"

With that, he took us  
again to the den of  
pleasing pleasures that he  
called a dancing hall.









I must say with some  
ashamedness  
that it was very pleasant  
to see girls swirling in  
their pretty saris.

That was the night that  
I first partook of wine and  
had the boldness to dance  
with one of the

## **MANY LADIES.**

The shame was upon my  
soul, as I could hear the  
elephant's mournful song  
thunder through my head  
in the taxi ride to my  
uncle's home.

My soul answered that  
I must find way to book  
passage to this land of the  
Montana.

Somehow, I must find a









way to listen to the call  
of the elephant.

More years, I have been  
wasting in my  
passage quest to this land  
of the Montana.

It was the greed of my  
purpose that made  
me to be stumbling and  
unable to have the rubies  
to travel this

## LONG JOURNEY.

I grew weary and my  
spirit grew weak as  
I passed the wickedness  
of the many dance halls  
in Delhi.

My soul was soon to be  
lost to the pleasures of my  
youthful lust.

I meditated many hours



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under the great color poster of the great barren land of the Montana that the nice lady at the travel agency gave me to go far away from her business. I thanked her for her kind blessing and asked her if she to was of the calling of the Elephant of Joy.

Later, after my uncle comes to the police station to take me home; he again begged me not to speak o of the Holy Elephant to anyone less I have to go stay at the place where the people with troubled spirits must live.

Being the good nephew, I promise him that not









again would I mention  
the Holy Elephant to  
**NONE-BELIEVERS.**

Regrettably, I was unable  
to keep my tongue and  
not try to spread the  
secrets of living that the  
Holy Elephant gave to me.

In my soul, I felt that it  
was somehow my destiny  
to go forth to this barren,  
land of Montana and  
give them the words of  
**THE HOLY ELEPHANT.**

But, enlightenment, I had  
not reached. I still had too  
much of the pride and the  
greed in my soul.

I still had vision of being  
a dental floss tycoon.

I had not reached a level  
that I could be a good









teacher of the wisdom of  
**THE HOLY ELEPHANT.**

I did not really listen to  
the holy elephant's  
meaning.

I heard and understood  
only the simple words of  
riches and the easy fame.

Then that very night,  
while I slept an unrestful  
sleep under my poster of  
mediation, I hear the voice  
of the Holy Elephant  
saying to me that the  
time is soon and that  
I should pack my meager  
belongs for my upcoming  
journey.

I said to the voice of the  
Holy Elephant that  
I must be of a confused  
mind.









"I have not struggled with my life to gain the rubies to make this journey . . .

"I humbly explained.

The Holy Elephant appeared from the darkness and stood in a weaving field of

**DENTAL FLOSS.**

I looked in amazement as the Elephant winks his left eye in my direction and sang

"You, go to the Montana, soon you do go..."

A very catchy tune, if I am to say, myself.

I joined the Elephant in song and in the words to the song, I come to have the realization of my destiny.









I fall to the ground. . .  
I thanked and blessed the  
Holy Elephant of Joy for  
giving me the wisdom  
of the Dance of Joy.  
In the morning, I awake  
**VERY, VERY TIRED.**

My head feels the pain  
like on the night at the  
hall of dancing girls.  
My stomach feels even  
worse. I say to myself,  
"Oh my gosh! What  
a dream that I have ever  
been having."

Following my dream  
inspired, command from  
the Holy Elephant; I pack  
my humble belonging  
into my humble, cloth  
skinned bag.









By noon, I am ready to  
be on the adventure to the  
lands of the Montana.

I go into the  
**ROOM OF DINING.**

There I see my grand  
uncle as he feasts on  
newly cooked  
broccoli fondue.

I burst into the blessing  
of the Dance of Joy while  
singing of the Holy  
Elephant's song of the  
coming grand adventure  
in the Montana.

I see my grand uncle,  
he seems to be very, very  
angry at my dance and  
song. I start to raise his  
voice but, the words of  
My uncle do no come.









I see the skin of his face  
turn to many different  
colors.

He starts to step forward  
and his mighty body  
falls upon his unfinished  
plate of broccoli fondue.

At the time of this  
wonderment, I only have  
the thought of all the  
many times that my  
uncle tells us not to be  
wasting of the food.

It seems so strange.  
I have the thought that  
my uncle tries to put  
the scare into my

**HUMBLE SOUL.**

It was only after the  
doctor had to be called  
and at that time he says









unto each of us that my  
uncle has gone to  
Nirvana to seek his very  
well earned rewards.

In simpler words of the  
layman, he was no longer  
of the living.

I was rather sad.

I confuse my evil sin to  
the doctor of medicine . . .

that in my

## **SIMPLE THOUGHTS**

I am the reason for my  
uncle's very unhappy  
departure.

The doctor calmed my  
guilty and confusing  
words before I could have  
the police sent to take  
me away.

The honorable doctor spoke









to me directly that indeed  
I must have a very, very  
big pain to my late uncle  
but, I had mistakenly  
taken the false blame for  
his swift departure from  
us of the living.

As the most honorable  
doctor was to be saying  
onto me that my uncle  
had died of the evilness  
of sapless of his tired, old  
brain called

## SYPHILIS.

I said that this could not  
have been true.

My uncle had been a  
noble man of good spirit.  
“How could he died such  
the terrible death of an









untouchable, lowly spirit,"  
I say with my head bent  
up towards the warmth  
of the billowing rays of  
heaven's approaching

## LIGHT.

I turned my unworthy  
eyes down towards the  
dusty, broccoli latent  
floors as I was to be  
remembering my  
quilt, the shame of my  
simple thoughts and to be  
thinking as to what my  
selfish deeds had wroth  
upon my poor, departed  
uncle  
as that I was unfit to be  
witnessing the rays of  
heaven's love as they were









to be surrounded and  
prepared his soul's  
departure to the next level  
of his soul's being.

The honorable doctor,  
he puts his large fingers  
upon the top of my back  
and he says to me that  
my late uncle like to

## **BE TOO CLOSE**

in touch with those of  
untouchable spirit.

So as the Holy Elephant  
had predicted to me in  
a dream.

As the only one of family  
still with my uncle,  
I was now the guardian  
of his property.

The honorable doctor and  
my uncle's trusted









solicitor handled the  
papers of my uncle's  
property.

This finally gave me the  
means to book my  
passage to the barren  
lands of the Montana.  
I left on a very, very large  
plane the very next week.  
Towards my destiny,  
I did start my  
adventuring to spread the

# DANCE OF JOY





















ทำบุญ  
ถวายแว่นตา  
พระสงฆ์













ໂຍນາ













หลวงพ่อดม





















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19

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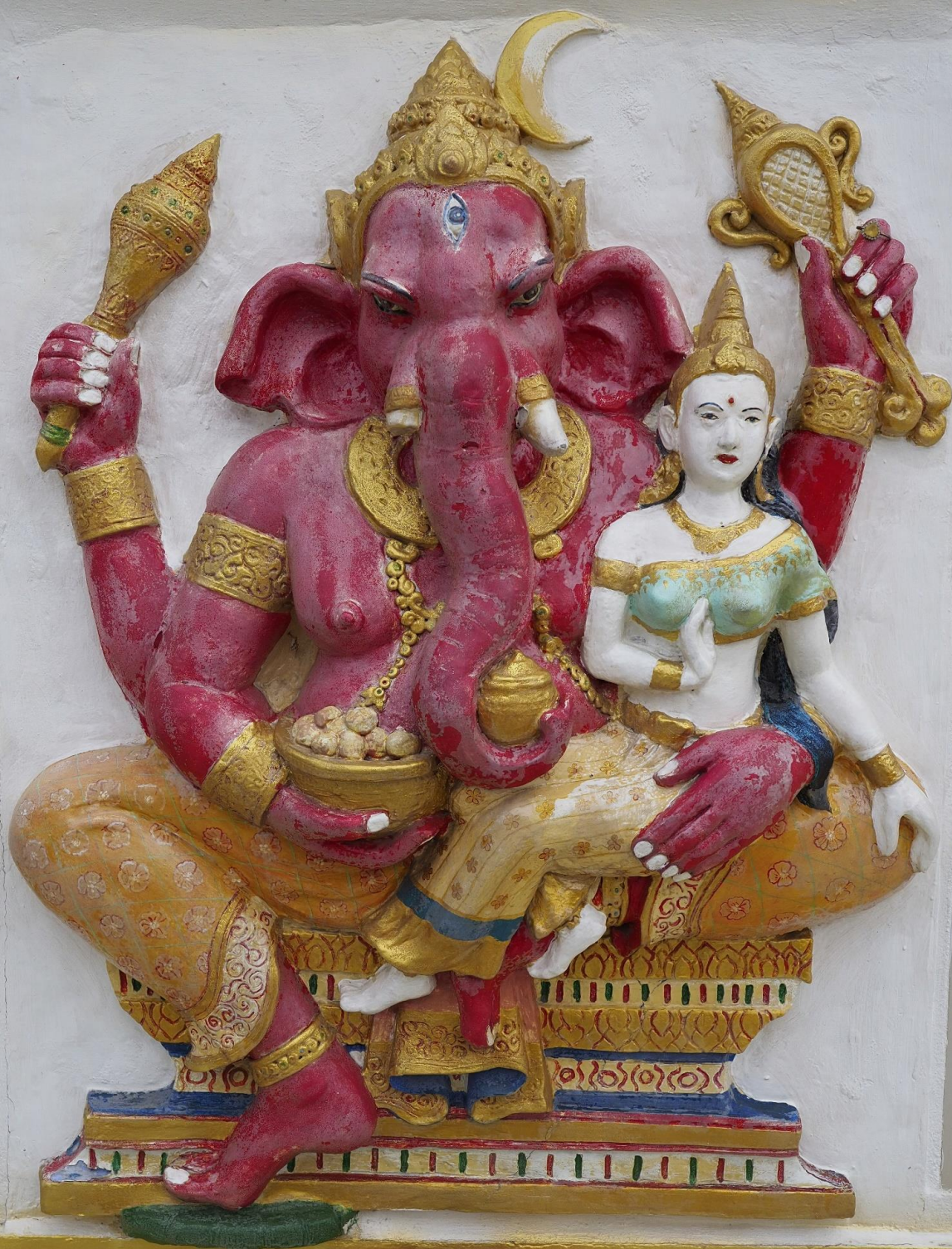












































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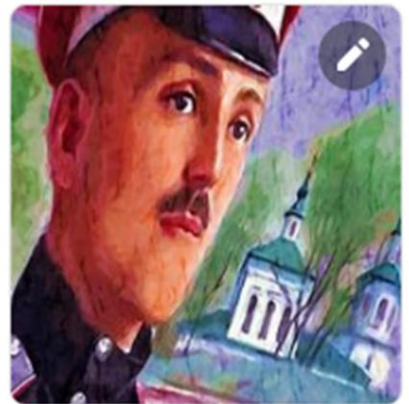
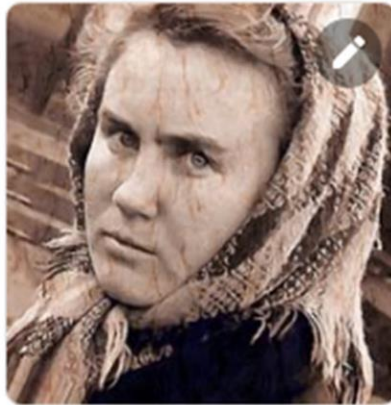
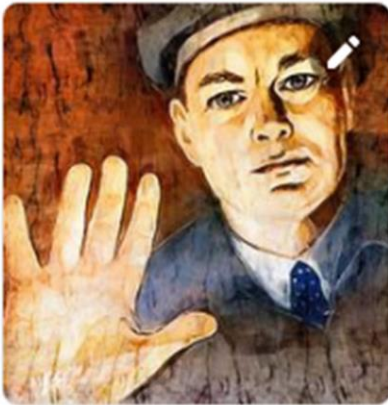
**PORTAL TO EMIL LAND...PLZ TELEX AHEAD OF ARRIVAL**



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# What happened?



We had already ordered an extra large pizza, a couple of kegs were cooling and a case of imitation, Cuban Rum was already half gone as we were all set to cheer the home team on. The wife even made Ukrainian Home Team Tee-Shirts.

What happened?

We tuned in.

**Can't find it...**



# What happened?



## What Channel?

Flipped it over to CNNister and they just had what looked like old Trumperster Re-Runs and then they had on their own creepy, porn lawyer (with only a head shot view angle..."can't be too sure as the kids might be watching" or so was the anchor's disclaimer...kid watching?)



# What happened?



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Turned on the radio and NPR had some special documentary on how the Uighur Camps in Western China offered free, universal pre-school...

No WAR...

## What's going on?

The wife said it might be some kind of a rain delay but, not so according to the



# What happened?

FROM THE SAME PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU...MATRIX RESURRECTIONS



NO REFUNDS...NO EXCHANGES...MUST SHOW YOUR VAZ CARD FOR ENTRY...  
NO "GO BRANDON" SLEEPWEAR OR TEE-SHIRTS ALLOWED!

Weather Channel...clear skies in Kiev...

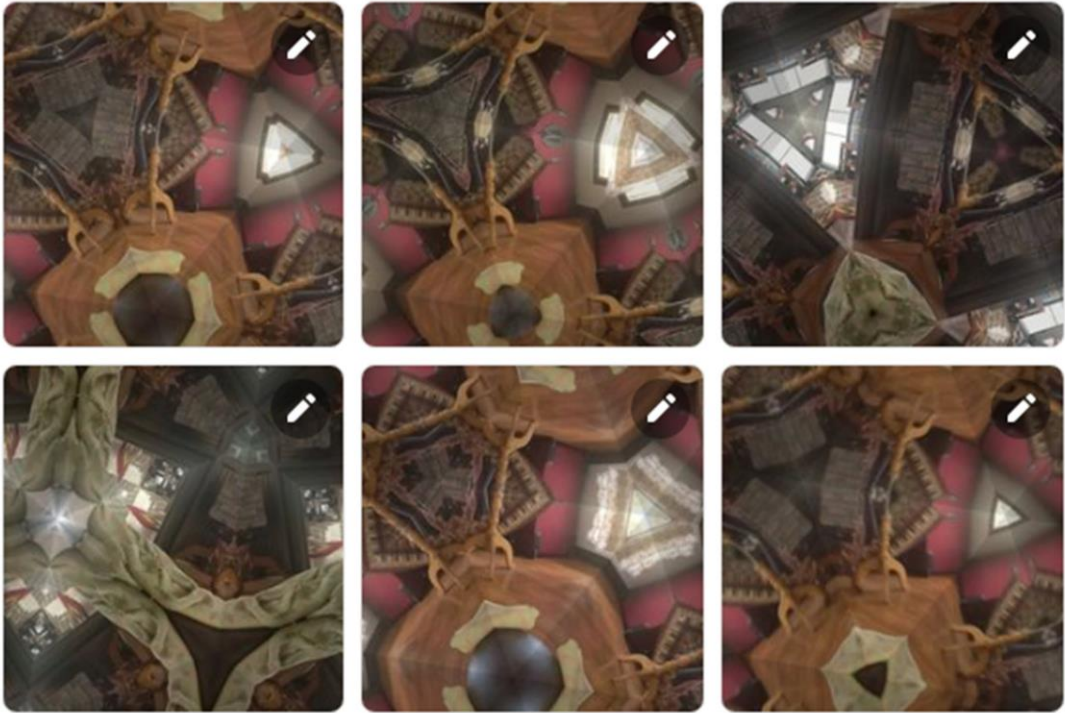
# HEY DUDE!

Hey, Little Joey Buyhim, I clearly remembering you said Wednesday, didn't you?

Please...don't tell me that the WAR is a pay-to-view thing!



# What happened?



**Seeing that the WAR was called because of rain?**

Or was it that NBCister didn't want to pre-empt the Olympics...I understand that...If you had paid like seven billion dollars to broadcast the Olympics wouldn't you be on the horn with that evil Putin and talk him into waiting on the Networks



# What happened?



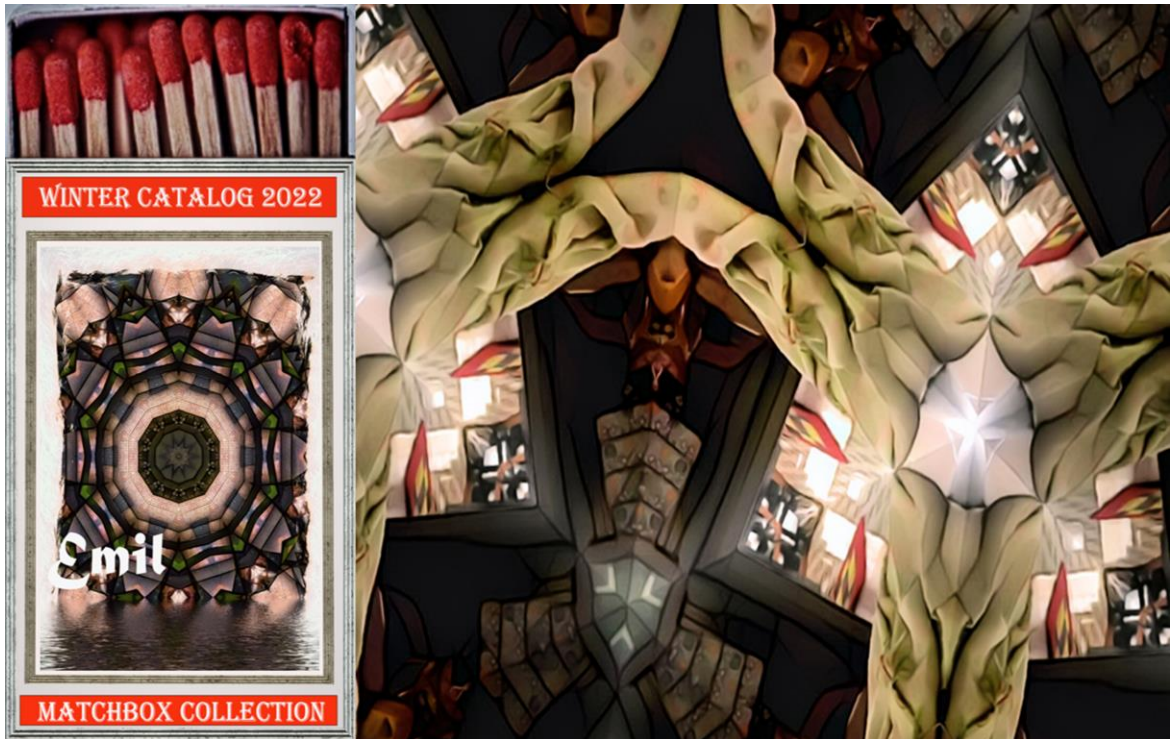
Rating Sweeps coming next month - more chance of tie-ins with the local affiliates and generate some sponsor underwriting

## before game time

I think that is what my not-to-be-named source within Little Joey Buyhim's Peace and Harmony Commission telexed me... Shame as we had dusted off all of our war-watching gear that has been growing



# What happened?



dust since the early days of the highly rated "WMDs Outside of Bagdad." Seeing that the WAR will be rescheduled,

## **I got on the horn**

to my old buddy (Adam S.) from Burbank and asked him to pick up the Western Union Money Gram from good, old Doc F and take it out the outlaw, Sample Lab so



# What happened?



that I could order this new batch of  
**Emil's Zombie Samples...**  
I truly like old Doc F. as he has never let  
the truth stand in the way of a good story  
but, I wish we could tell him the truth  
that his funding is going to make the  
second generation of these GOF [Gain of  
Function] Zombie Samples instead of the  
Beagle Research he thought that he was



# What happened?



## funding...

Second gen GOF Zombie Samples are cool because they (now) come fully assembled to skip easily over even the greatest internet walls by being labeled as:  
**"XXX-Rated Baywatch beauties."**



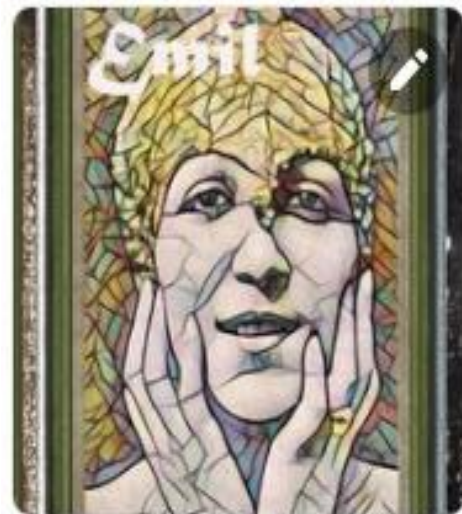
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The new founder of The Revolutionary Cadre for Artistic Freedom. You too can become a part of the Revolutionary Cadre for Artistic Freedom to be able to afford a decent meal or pay the overdue water bill by buying my books...Indeed, you can Comrade Book Buyer!

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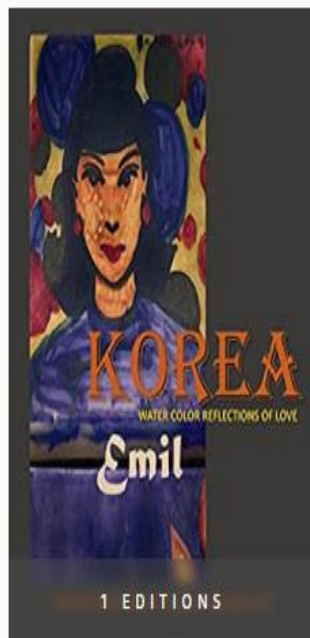
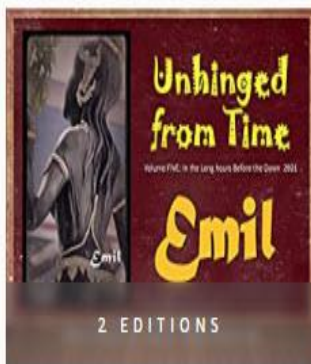


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